

THE CITY OF NUMBERS

DAVS

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

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SYNOPSIS.

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Brouillard, chief engineer of the Niagara Irrigation dam, meets J. Wesley Cortwright and explains the reclamation work on the Point. Cortwright organizes a company and obtains government contracts to furnish a railroad branch to the place, thus opening a new market for the "Little Susan" mine. Brouillard tells Amy Massingale of his need for money to pay for his head-finding. He decides for the time to be true to himself. He decides for the time to be true to himself. He decides for the time to be true to himself.

"That is all he will ask—all I'll ask, except one small personal favor: Don't rub your masquerading Washington delegation in my face. I'll do a fine quality of noninterference is about all you are buying from me."

"Tell me one thing, Brouillard: What is your stake in the Massingale game? Are you a silent partner in the 'Little Susan'?"

"Then why are you so anxious to make old David a rich man at my expense? Are you going to marry the girl?"

The engineer did not resent the question. As he would have resented it a few weeks earlier. Instead he smiled and said: "A little while ago, Mr. Cortwright, I told you that you didn't know men; now I'll add that you don't know women."

CHAPTER XXV
Flood Tide

Public opinion, skillfully formed upon models fashioned in Mayor Cortwright's office, was a powerful ally. Brouillard, with the little group of widely-heralded visitors—the "congressional committee." When it was whispered about some days before the auspicious arrival, that the visiting newspapermen wished for no public demonstration of welcome, it was resolved, both in the city council and in the Commercial club, that the wish should be rigidly respected.

Hence, after the farewell banquet at the Commercial club, at which even the mayor had been present, the delegation of Mayor Cortwright's guests, including curiosity still restrained itself, said nothing and did nothing until the train had steamed out on the beginning of its steep climb to War Arrow pass. Then the barriers were down in less than half an hour after the departure of the visitors, the Spotlight of the city was besieged by eager tip hunters, and the Metropolitan club and lobby were thronged and buzzing like the compartments of an anxious beehive.

Harlan stood at the head of the newspaper office as long as he could. Then he slipped out the back way. There was a light in Brouillard's office on the sixth floor of the Niagara building, and thither he went, hoping against hope, for shortly after the reclamation service had been more than usually reticent.

"What do you know, Brouillard?" was the form his demand took.

"Go to Cortwright," suggested the engineer. "He's your man. He's the one that doesn't matter. The committee is coming; you have engaged rooms for it here in Bongrass. You are expecting the private-car special next week."

"Well," said the magnate. "You're a pretty good kindergarten. But what of it?"

"Oh, nothing. Only I think you might have taken me in on the little side play. What if I had gone about town contradicting the rumor?"

"Why should you contradict the rumor?"

"The congressional party will be here next week, and nobody has made any secret of it."

"Still, I might have been taken in," persisted Brouillard. "You'll surely want to give me my instructions a little beforehand, won't you? Just think how easily things might get tangled. Suppose I should say to somebody to Garner, for example—that the town was hugely mistaken; that no congressional committee had ever been appointed; that these gentlemen who are about to visit us are mere complacent friends of yours, coming as your guests, on a junketing trip as your expense. Wouldn't that be rather awkward?"

The mayor of Mirapolis brought his hands together, sat in calm, and for a fitting instant the young engineer saw in the face of the father the same expression that he had seen in the face of the son when Van Bruce Cortwright was struggling for a second chance to kill a man.

"Damn you!" said the magnate savagely. "You always know too much! You're bargaining with me!"

"Well, you have bargained with me, first, last and all the time," was the cool retort. "You said you had had my price, and you have paid it. Now you are going to pay it again. Shall I go over to the Spotlight office and tell Harlan what I know?"

"You can't bluff me that way, Brouillard, and you ought to know it by this time. Do you suppose I don't know how you are fixed—that you've got money—money that you used to say you owned somebody else—tied up in Mirapolis investments?"

Brouillard rose and buttoned his coat.

"There is one weak link in your chain, Mr. Cortwright," he said evenly; "you don't know me. Put on your coat and come over to Harlan's office with me. It will take just about two minutes to satisfy you that I'm not bluffing."

For a moment it appeared that the offer was to be accepted. But when he had one arm in a coat sleeve, Brouillard's antagonist in the game of hard-boiled changes of tactics.

"Forget it," he growled morosely. "What do you want this time?"

"I want you to send a wire to Red Rutte telling the smelter people that you will be glad to have them handle the 'Little Susan' ore."

"And if I do?"

"If you do, two things otherwise due to happen adversely will go over to your side of the market. I'll agree to keep out of the way of the sham Washington delegation, and I think I can promise that Harlan won't make a scratch of the facts concerning the Cornelia land titles."

Mr. Cortwright thrust the other arm into the remaining coat sleeve and scowled. But the rebound to the norm of brusque good nature came almost immediately.

"You are improving wonderfully, Brouillard, and that's no joke. I have a large respect for a man who can out-bid me in my own corner. You ought to be in business, and you will be some time. I'll send the wire, but I warn you in advance that I can't make the smelter people take Massingale's ore if he don't want it. All I can do is to give the old man a free field."

guished guests. By ten o'clock it was the talk of the lobbies, the club, and the exchanges that the reclamation service was already abandoning the work on the great dam. One-half of the workmen were to be discharged at once, and doubtless the other half would follow as soon as the orders could come from Washington.

Appealed to by a mob of anxious inquirers, Brouillard did not deny the fact of the discharges, and thereupon the city went mad in a furor of speculative excitement in comparison with which the orgy of the gold discoverers paled into insignificance. "Cur" exchanges sprang into being in the Metropolitan lobby, in the court of the Niagara building, and at a dozen street corners on the avenue. Word went to the placers, and by noon the miners had left their sluice-boxes and were pouring into town to buy options at prices that would have staggered the wildest plunger elsewhere, or at any other time.

Brouillard closed his desk at one o'clock and went to fight his way through the street pandemonium to Bongrass. At a table in the rear room he found David Massingale, his long, white beard tucked into the closely-buttoned mink's coat to be out of the way of the flying knife and fork, while he gave a lifetime imitation of a man begrudging every second of time wasted in stopping the hunger gap.

Brouillard took the opposite chair and was grimly amused at the length of time that elapsed before Massingale reached the table.

"Pity a man has to stop to eat on a day like this, isn't it, Mr. Massingale?"

"Looks like I need a janitor to look after my upper story, don't it?" he laughed; and then: "How is Steve?"

Massingale nodded. "The boy's cousin" along all right now. They're about the way it stacks up. You're out half of your men—that so?"

Brouillard laughed again. "Yes, it's true. Have you been doing something in real estate this morning, Mr. Massingale?"

"All I could," mumbled the old man between mouthfuls. "But I can't do more. If it ain't one thing, it's another. 'Bout as soon as I got that tangle with the Red Rutte smelter straightened out, the railroad hit me."

"How was that?" queried Brouillard, with quickening interest coming alive at a bound.

"Same old song, no cars; try and get 'em tomorrow, and tomorrow it'll be next day, and next day it'll be the day after. Looks like they don't want to haul any freight out of 'ere."

"I see," said Brouillard, and truly he saw much more than David Massingale did. Then: "No shipments means no money for you, and more delay; and delay happens to be the thing you can't stand. When do those tons of yours fall due?"

"I ain't much of a man to holler when I've set the woods afire myself," he answered slowly. "But I don't know why I shouldn't zip a little to you if I feel like it. Today is the last day on them notes. I been to see Hardwick at the bank, and he gave me the ultimatum good and cold."

One of Bongrass' rear-room luxuries was a portable telephone for every room, and Brouillard was rapidly writing the "iron-clad" receipt.

"No, I hadn't forgotten. I have something over a hundred thousand dollars lying in the bank. You'll take it away from you."

It was a bolt out of a clear sky for the old man tottering on the brink of his fourth pit of disaster, and he evinced his emotion—and the tense strain of his eyes—by dropping his lifted coffee cup with a crash into his plate. The little accident was helpful in its way—it made a diversion, and by the time the wreck was repaired speech was possible.

"Are you sure you plumb sure you can spare it?" asked the doctor huskily. And then: "I can't seem to sort it out—surround it—all in a bunch, that way. I knowed J. Wesley had me down; the 'Susan' the only piece of real money in this whole blamed free-for-all, and he knows it."

After they had made their way through the excited sidewalk exchanges to the bank, and Brouillard had written his check, the old man with the miraculously sent bill of rescue paper in his hand, hesitated.

Will Old Dave Massingale go himself to Amy and tell her what Victor has done to get the Massingale money out of Cortwright's clutches?

Help Wanted.

"When I went to college," said the boy's father, "I put in my time studying. I didn't have a rich father to buy me an automobile to carry me to and from my classrooms."

"That's just the trouble," replied the son. "I have to spend so much time tinkering with that car that I can't get around to studying my lessons. Now, if you'd hire a chauffeur for me I'd be able to make a better showing in my classes."

Poetry vs. Prose.

The poet read of her beautiful hair that crowned his fair idol's head, and calls the man a proxy old bear who ignores its splendors instead. Yes, the poet of it makes a sad—its glories in verse he will group; but, like other mortals he's mad if a strand of it gets in the soup.

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WILL FLEE CAPITAL

MOST OF THE MEMBERS OF CONGRESS WILL ATTEND THE CONVENTIONS.

LEADERS TO HOLD THE FORT

Those Who Remain in Washington Will Be Kept Posted on Doings in Both the Chicago and the St. Louis Gatherings.

By GEORGE CLINTON.

Washington.—Washington is getting ready to attend the national conventions. If congress still shall be in session while the conventions are in progress it is a safe assertion that it will be a difficult thing to secure a quorum in either house during the time of the continuance of the great political gatherings.

Four years ago when the conventions were on there was a sort of a "gentlemen's agreement" entered into in the house of representatives, which made it certain that no matter of great moment should come up for a vote while the masses of the representatives were not present. Congressmen were not present. Congressmen were not present. Congressmen were not present.

There may be a hint in the following incident which will be of value to boys who are going to enter the competitive lists for appointments as cadets at Uncle Sam's school. When there are several boys, sometimes there are a number of them, appear before an examining board in competition for cadetship appointments, each one is asked separately why he wants to go to West Point.

Nine out of ten of the unthinking youngsters answer that they want to go to the academy for the chance to get an education. Now Uncle Sam educates cadets, but he does not want them to desert by the resignation route as soon as the academy course is completed.

Not one of the senior correspondents having membership in the press gallery in Washington will be in this city when the conventions are in progress. Of course, representatives of the press will be in the city, and so will the junior members of the staffs of all the newspapers that are represented in this town. Young men, some of them as the age when they are still known as "cub reporters," will "hold down" the jobs for men who have been years of service in the two galleries of congress.

Leaders Will Stay at Posts.

The speaker of the house of representatives has given notice that he will not attend the convention of his party. It is pretty well assumed that the floor leaders of the majority and the minority will be found at their posts during the days of the political gatherings and the great political excitement. There have been occasions when men who stayed in Washington have been "hit by the lightning bolt" of a sudden. It is just as well to be prepared for such a contingency.

Aeroplane's Military Value.

American army officers say that although the operations have been conducted on a comparatively small scale in Mexico, the military value of the aeroplane has been proved beyond all question. A few years ago the flying machine was an implement of warfare was a dubious quantity; today it has demonstrated its true worth beyond all question.

American army officers who serve as operators in flying machines are not so far from the truth when they say that the aeroplane is a new kind of warfare. It is not only a new kind of warfare, but it is a new kind of warfare. It is not only a new kind of warfare, but it is a new kind of warfare.

Will Be Kept Well Posted.

In these days of telephone and telegraph so far from Washington is not so far from St. Louis and Chicago as it once was. In the Republican campaign at Chicago, the White House will have instant knowledge of everything that is done in the Republican campaign at Chicago. The White House will have instant knowledge of everything that is done in the Republican campaign at Chicago.

It may perhaps be said without fear of going wrong that Mr. Wilson is more interested, in a way, in what is going on here than he is in what is happening at St. Louis. He knows, or he ought to know, that unless something of an earthquake nature happens he is going to be nominated by his party in convention assembled. He does not want to know anything about the campaign at St. Louis, or the campaign at St. Louis, or the campaign at St. Louis.

Hard to Hit an Aeroplane.

When I was in Europe recently and at the front with the French armies I saw several engagements between batteries of anti-aircraft guns and aeroplanes which were flying over, attempting to locate the positions of the French batteries.

At one time I saw twenty-nine shells break in succession about a German aeroplane. The shells were twenty-nine wreaths of smoke in the air all at once, for the firing was so quick that the first wreath had not disappeared when the last wreath was formed. The aviator was untouched. He was driven back with his machine, but he received absolutely no injury.

It is one of the marvels of the soldier today that it is so difficult to hit an aeroplane and it is another marvel that it is so difficult for an operator in an aeroplane to hit any specific object with a dropping bomb. These problems of marksmanship, both of batteries firing at aeroplanes and aeroplanes dropping bombs, are the subjects of deep study by army officers the world over. They hope to find means to improve the marksmanship.

Beautiful Flower in Variety.

A Kansas City newspaper man, who is able to go in for fancy farming, has made a beautiful variety of iris growing in his yard and garden. The colors include yellow, blue, pink and bronze.

Preparedness.

"Goodness, Maria, why are you hiding all the things in the house?" "Well, John, the Puffer is calling on us to night, and you know Mrs. Puffer never plays without music."

A Talking Sign.

ter on the soldier life provided they can pass the required examination. Army officers who have been through West Point must issue a book of instructions to the thousands of young American applicants for cadetships. A perusal of the book would be serviceable to the youngsters who succeed in passing the entrance examination, passing the enlarged battalion of cadets.

The cadet who enters West Point preceded by press announcements has the choice of a time of it. Someone is sure to send the press announcements to the young class in the academy, and the members at once prepare a proper reception for the youngster whose home papers prophesy that he will graduate at the head of his class and be a lieutenant general before he is twenty-five years old.

Many and many a hapless "plebe" at the academy has been obliged to stand in a company street of the camp and there to an assembled multitude of admiring yearlings read with proper emphasis and inflection the printed accounts of his own accomplishments and the prophesy of his future soldier greatness.

Hint to Aspiring Boys.

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Silent Evangelism

By REV. HOWARD W. POPE of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

TEXT.—And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.—Rev. 22:2

The indiscriminate use of tracts by those whose zeal exceeds their wisdom has led many good people to question their value. It is foolish, however, to allow our prejudice against a poor method to blind us to the value of good ones, and good ones can be had. The choicest thoughts of the writers of the Bible can now be found in leaflet form, and many a soul has been awakened by one of these silent messengers which God has put into the hand at just the right moment.

A man stepped into a street car in New York, and before taking his seat gave to each passenger a little card bearing the words, "Look to Jesus when tempted, when troubled, when dying." One of the passengers carefully read the card and put it in his pocket. As he left the car he said to the giver, "Sir, when you gave me this card I was on my way to the ferry, intending to jump from the boat and drown myself. Because of this card I am here, and I am glad to have it. I am glad to have it. I am glad to have it."

There is no such thing as chance in this world, and the one who seeks to be guided by the spirit often finds himself a messenger of mercy to some weary soul. A lady once traveled two hundred miles to tell the writer personally how a card which he had given her had led to her conversion. It lay in her bureau drawer, bearing its silent testimony from time to time as she read it, until finally it led her to Christ.

Some ministers make constant use of leaflets in their personal work. They open the way for conversation, and often they are better than words for a soul under conviction. It is sometimes disposed to quarrel, but one cannot quarrel with a tract. It never loses its temper, never answers back, and it sticks to what it has said. Besides, you can send it to any place where you cannot go yourself.

People in sorrow or sickness love to be remembered, and boys think more of a minister who occasionally gives them a bright leaflet. A man wrote in the city of New York that he had used "Why a Boy Should Be a Christian" for forty-five people on their examination for church membership testified that they attributed their conversion mainly to that leaflet.

Housekeepers can use tracts to good advantage. Lay them on the parlor table that callers may read them while waiting. Often there is time enough for one to be converted while a lady is finishing her toilet. Give them to the milkman, the grocer, the postman, and place them in letters, library books and packages.

Business men have fine opportunities for this kind of work. A man once said, "I cannot speak in meeting, but if you will supply me with choice reading matter, I will pay for it and I will use it in the packages which go out of my store." Recently a customer uttered an oath in a New York business house. The proprietor quietly handed him a "Little Preacher" entitled, "Why Do You Swear?" The man read it, tears came to his eyes, and he said, "I beg your pardon, sir. Never mind me, sir. I am the other, but don't you think you had better ask God's pardon? It was his name that you profaned." "I will do it," said the man, and he shook his hand warmly. It is not an easy matter to rebuke a man who swears, but a customer is a leader which you may find helpful, or he can mail one to every profane person whom he knows.

Teachers can make good use of leaflets. Those who cannot talk to their pupils can put into their hands a series of leaflets. Old-fashioned tracts will not do for boys. They want something which sparkles with life, which rivets the attention, and which stops when it gets there.

This is a busy age, we all know. People have not time, or think that they have not time, to read books on religion, but if you put into their hands something which is attractive, interesting, and which can be read in a few minutes, it is sure of attention. I am convinced that anyone can easily multiply his influence twentyfold by a wise use of printer's ink.

Never give away a tract unless you know its contents. Use all the tact you have and pray for more. An old man said to a train boy, "No, I don't want your popcorn, don't you see I haven't any teeth." "Buy some gum drops then, sir," said the train boy. "That boy knew how to adapt himself to his customers, and so should we."

A physician told me recently that three times in three different cities, and at intervals of about a year, someone put into his pocket without his knowledge a little card containing the words, "Have you a home in heaven, where the angels are, and where your mother is, etc." The first two cards set him thinking, but the third came at a time when he had just lost his mother and it led him to Christ. No one of the three people knew that they were supplementing each other's work, and yet they were. None of the three knew that any good came from the card which they dropped into the stranger's pocket, but he knew it, and God knew, and that was enough. We shall never know all the good that comes from this kind of silent preaching, but we know enough to make it almost criminal for us to neglect it.

Work to Please God.

If we would please God we must watch every stroke and touch upon the canvas of our lives; we may not think we can live with a trowel and we succeed. We ought to live as miniature painters, working, for they watch every line and tint.—C. H. Spurgeon.

It is only by fidelity in little things that the grace of true love to God can be sustained, and distinguished from a passing fervor of spirit.

Optimistic Thought.

The just give men a patient hearing hoping they will show proofs they are not evil.

Looking Ahead.

"So you've decided to name your boy after George Washington?" "Yes, you see, George has been dead a long time and so many boys have been named after him who never amounted to anything that our son won't be conspicuous if he disappoints our fond hopes and fails to become great."

What Is Bankable.

Money is loaned on collateral, and the borrower's relation to booze, women and other knock-out drops.—Athens Globe.

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Optimistic Thought.

Look and Feel Clean, Sweet and Fresh Every Day

Drink a glass of real hot water before breakfast to wash out poisons.

Life is not merely to live, but to live well, eat well, digest well, work well, sleep well, look well. What a glorious condition to attain, and yet how very easy it is if one will only adopt the morning inside bath.

Folks who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when they arise, splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, can, instead, feel as fresh as a daisy by opening the sluices of the system each morning and flushing out the whole of the internal poisonous stagnant matter.

Everyone, whether ailing, sick or well, should, each morning, before breakfast, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the system, the alimentary tract before putting more food into the